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LITTLE FOLKS

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"MY HEAD'S ALREADY AT HER WAIST."

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1898. No. 11.

A LITTLE GIRL'S TROUBLE.

LONG, long ago, when I was small,
My dear mama was very tall;
When we walked out the world to see,
My head would only reach her knee.

I had to look so very high,
It seemed as if she touched the sky,
Like some dear angel over me,
And so I thought 'twould always be.

But growing makes such fearful haste,
My head's already at her waist!
For that I wouldn't care a fig,
But—she grows small as I grow big.

And if we end as we begin,
Sometime I'll surely touch her chin;
And then her eyes; and then—you see
This is the thing that troubles me:

I will be high above her head,
And she the little girl instead!
Oh dear! oh dear! when *that* comes true,
What shall I ever, ever do!

M. E. B.

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MARY EMMA'S TONIC.

MARY Emma and her papa and mama and grandma came to live in the pretty yellow house just across the "branch" from Miss Abigail James' white cottage, and just across the field from Aunt Isabel Hobson's and just a little way up the road from the minister's.

Mary Emma had no little brothers or sisters to play with her. All the seven years of her life she had played alone, except when little girls and boys came to see her or she went to see them, which was not very often.

But Mary Emma was never lonesome. She had Polly, her doll, and Trissa, the cat, and Muff and Puff and Chuff and Snuff, the kittens. Besides, Mary Emma just loved to be quiet and read her story-books and to have her mama or papa or grandma read to her. Mary Emma just loved to walk about the yard, and sing to herself about the flowers and bees, or talk to Polly and Trissa and the kittens in a low voice. Still, because she loved to be quiet, almost everybody that saw Mary Emma thought she was a *very* funny little girl.

One day the minister's wife came to call on Mary Emma's mama and grandma. Mary Emma was sitting on the grass out-doors, looking up at the blue sky. "How quiet your little girl seems!" the minister's wife said, after she went in. "Isn't she well to-day?"

And another day Aunt Isabel Hobson came to call, and she said, "How still your little girl keeps! I wouldn't know she was on the place if I didn't see her dodging about the yard sometimes."

And one day Miss Abigail James came over, and she said, too, "How still your little girl is! I never hear her laughing and playing like most children."

Mama explained that Mary Emma was *quite* well, that she had *always* played alone, and seemed to love to be quiet and read and sing to herself and talk to her doll and cats.

Sometimes the minister's children came to see Mary Emma, and sometimes she went to see them, and they played hide-and-seek and many other games. But she never went there unless the children came for her, and one day she said to her grandma, "I love to play with little girls and boys, but I love weller to play with Polly and Trissa and Muff and Puff and Chuff and Snuff and me."

But Mary Emma really did love to go over to see Miss Abigail. At Miss Abigail's there were no children, but there were flowers, beautiful roses and lilacs and snowballs, phlox and pinks and hollyhocks and ever so many others, and Miss Abigail always said, "Go into the garden, dear, and pick as many as you like."

Mary Emma loved to go to Aunt Isabel's too. At Aunt Isabel's there were no children, but there were chickens and ducks and turkeys and a gentle old cow and a dear little red calf.

In short, Mary Emma would have been a very happy little girl if everybody had not said to her mama when they came to call, "How still she is! I never hear her shouting and playing like other children."

One bright day when Mary Emma was sitting on a little stool listening to her grandma who was reading a fairy book aloud, Aunt Isabel Hobson came over. After awhile Mary Emma heard her say, speaking low. "That child ain't well! If she was real well, she'd be out skipping round like a young squirrel, pretty sunshiny days like this. She needs a tonic of some kind."

Mama laughed, and said that Mary Emma had taken a long ride with her papa that morning; and then Mary Emma went out into the yard where the kittens were playing.

Presently Aunt Isabel came out too, and Mary Emma heard her say to her mama as she went down with her to the gate, "I'll bring it over to-morrow. I made it two years ago, and it's awful strong. As the old saying goes, it's sour enough to make a pig squeal."

Now Mary Emma thought, of course, the squealing sour thing

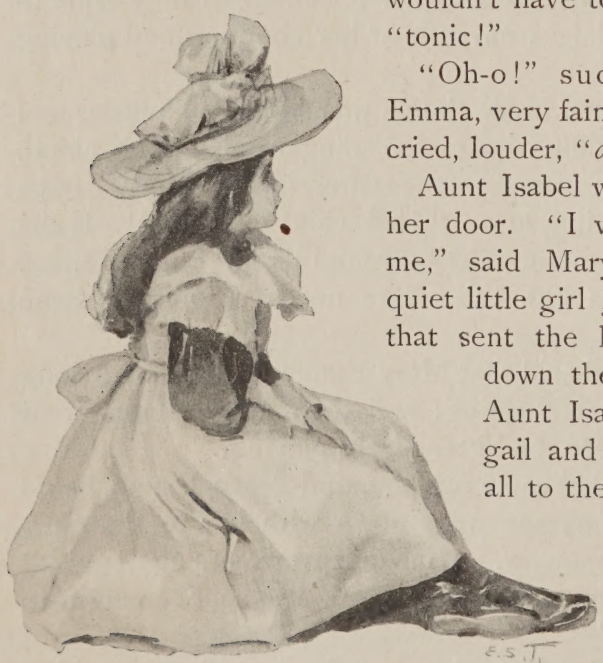
was the "tonic;" and if it would make a pig squeal, it probably would make a little girl scream and shout as the minister's children did sometimes when they played. Once when Mary Emma was really ill she had taken some dreadful medicine that grandma called a "tonic"—she drew her little mouth up into a pucker as she remembered it.

Her heart went pit-a-pat as she watched Aunt Isabel walking slowly across the field.

"She's going to bring it over to-morrow," said Mary Emma to the kittens. "Oh, dear!"

The kittens thought Mary Emma wanted to have a frolic with them, and they ran down into the orchard and climbed up into an apple-tree. Mary Emma ran along after them and climbed up too.

Up in the tree a happy thought came into Mary Emma's little brown head. If she should scream, scream loud, so Aunt Isabel and Miss Abigail and the minister's folks all could hear, and so know that she was well, she probably wouldn't have to take that dreadful "tonic!"



MARY EMMA WAS LOOKING UP AT THE BLUE SKY.

"Oh-o!" suddenly said Mary Emma, very faintly. "*Oh-oo!*" she cried, louder, "*oh-oo-oo!*"

Aunt Isabel was just going in at her door. "I wonder if she hears me," said Mary Emma, and the quiet little girl gave a great shriek that sent the kittens scratching down the tree and brought Aunt Isabel and Miss Abigail and the minister's wife all to their front doors.

Her mama and grandma came running out too. Her mama espied her in the apple-

tree. "Why Mary Emma Brewster! *what* do you mean by screaming that way? Come right down out of that tree! Come down this minute!"

Mary Emma gave another very dreadful shriek, and then came down. Just as she lighted in the grass, Miss Abigail came panting up the walk, and she caught up little Mary Emma and almost smothered her in her apron and skirts before she could be made to understand that the little girl was not on fire somewhere.

The minister's wife came over, too, pale and frightened, and asked breathlessly, "Did dear little Mary Emma fall? I saw her climbing the apple-tree a few minutes ago."

Aunt Isabel Hobson came running, actually running in spite of her rheumatism. She was clutching a bottle filled with black-looking roots steeped in whiskey. "I've been a-fearing it!" she cried. "My hired man killed a blacksnake in the garden this very morning. This root always kills the poison, though, if it's give in time. I come right off as soon as I heard the poor little thing a-screaming. Did you find the snake? I do hope you did!"

"O mama," said frightened little Mary Emma, "a snake did'nt bite me, and I'm not on fire, and I did'nt fall!"

"What ever then made you scream so, and frighten us?" asked mama.

"Because—because," said Mary Emma, "I am well, and I don't want to take that nasty tonic."

"What tonic?" asked mama in astonishment.

"That tonic that Aunt Isabel's going to bring over to-morrow, that's sour enough to make a pig squeal," said poor Mary Emma.

Then mama remembered about Aunt Isabel's saying that Mary Emma "needed a tonic," and she remembered about buying some vinegar from Aunt Isabel, and that Aunt Isabel had promised to bring it over the next day, and that she had said it was "sour enough to make a pig squeal."

Grandma remembered it too, "Why bless the child!" she cried, and she sat down, and laughed, and laughed.

And mama said, "What a queer notion, Mary Emma! You ought to be ashamed for screaming and frightening us so for nothing."

Poor little Mary Emma crept into the house; and she heard her mama and grandma and the minister's wife and Miss Abigail and Aunt Isabel laughing and laughing, and she knew they were laughing at her, and she cried till her little hemstitched handkerchief was soaked.

"Do you think, mama," said Mary Emma that night when her mama had tucked her in bed, and sat down by her side, "that everybody's mad at me?"

"I don't think anyone is mad at my little girl," said mama, "but it was very wrong of her to scream and frighten us so."

"Do you think," said Mary Emma, "if I never scream again unless a snake bites me or I get on fire or fall, that everybody will like me?"

Mama was sure they would; and Mary Emma has never screamed since except once when a bee stung her, and that was not a loud scream.

Ellen D. Masters.

THE POWERFUL BROWNIE.

THERE was a little Brownie
That lived down by the sea,
He was just as cute a Brownie
As ever he could be.

And early every morning
The Brownie went to swim,
And all the little minnows
Came swimming after him.

Yes, early every morning,
Before the sun arose,
This Brownie went in swimming,
And then put on his clothes,

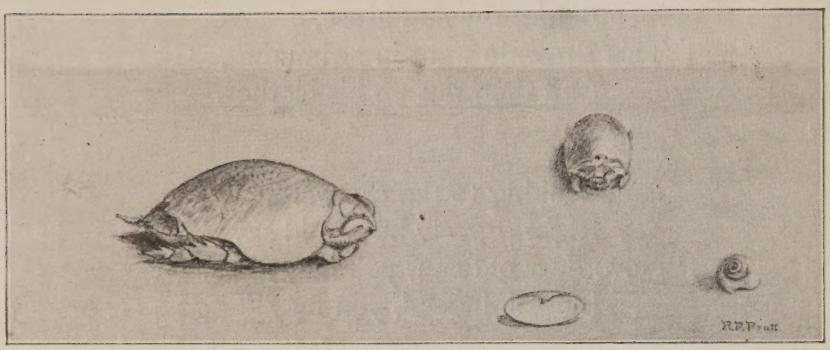
And, looking to the eastward,
Right gravely he would say:
"Now, dear old sun, you may arise,
Indeed, indeed, you may!"

"NOW, DEAR OLD SUN, YOU MAY ARISE!"

And, sure enough, each morning,
When Brownie'd had his swim,
The sun obeyed his wishes
And rose and shone on him.

For, do you see, the Brownie
Couldn't let the sun arise,
Until he was all washed and dressed,
And dried his hair and eyes!

Adolph Roeder.



SOMETIMES YOU SEE THEM OUT ON THE SAND.

OUR CAT AND THE SAND PIGS.

WHEN we go to the beach in summer, our cat goes too. We sometimes think that he gets as much good out of the change from city to country as we do, and as much amusement also.

Last summer he amused himself the whole season through, with a pair of sand pigs.

I do not know whether all sandy beaches have sand pigs, but the shore sand on the south side of Cape Cod seems to be full of them. They have some scientific name, of course, but we know the funny little animals only as "sand pigs."

They are crustaceans—that is they have a shell on their backs—and are the color of the sand. They are about an inch long, and *so* fat, with such round backs! At one end of the shell is a short funny head set up close to the body, and at the other a tiny pointed mite of a tail. Little legs seem to stick out everywhere from under the shell the minute the creature stirs. These legs are very queer—flat and thin and full of joints and edged with hairs or "cilliæ;" and when the pigs are in water and try to move, the back legs fly and spatter until you think of a humming-bird. We had one out of the sand one day, in a pan with a little water in it.

What these fat little pigs eat, I know not. They are burrowers. Sometimes you see one on the surface of the sand. When it moves, it doesn't step or crawl, but jumps. It will go out of sight, down into the sand, in a second. The pigs live about seven or eight inches below the surface.

Well, our cat seemed to be perfectly fascinated with these lively little objects. The children were fond of digging them out of the sand, and I suppose he must have seen them do it, and learned to dig them up himself.

After a while he used to spend so much time down on the beach that we thought we would watch to see what it was he did there. We went one day to an overhanging bank and looked down.

We found him watching two holes which he had dug in the sand. He had a sand pig in each hole. As one would get almost to the top in an effort to hop out, the cat would give it a poke with his paw and send it back, tumbling over and over, to the bottom of the hole.

He would sit and amuse himself in this way hour after hour, daily, never seeming to tire of watching the antics of the queer little creatures, and never offering to harm them.

This summer we are at the same place. On our arrival the cat at once went down on the beach to look for his playmates.

Gertrude R. Thayer.

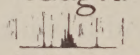
A BRIGHT BOY.

I can tell the time by my grandpa's clock
With its pendulum that swings;
For its face is marked with "1, 2, 3"—
Not I's and V's and things!
It's true that the minutes—the puzzling mites!—
I am pretty sure to mix,
But you just should try me with good plain *hours*,
Like 9, and 12, and 6!

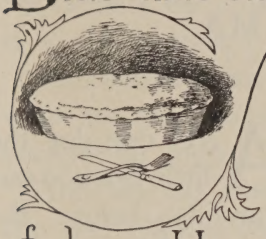
Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.

WHAT DID THE BLACK CAT DO? GUESS!

XI

The Black Cat was a wonderful hunter. There was small need of a when he was about the pantry. If a bold dared to show his nose there, he was caught before he could whisk back into his  , and brought by proud Puss to show to his mistress. "I hope he will not catch as well as mice," said Polly, looking up at a pretty that hung in the . In the cage was a beautiful canary with bright yellow . He was Polly's own pet, and she took the greatest care of him. His were always kept full of seed and water, and every day he took a bath in his cunning blue where he splashed away to his heart's content.

Dick often had, too, what he liked as you like



a crisp green , or a bit of an . He repaid Polly's loving care by being very fond of her. He would sit on her and eat from her . But one day,—careless Polly!—she left the cage and the window open, and went down-stairs. When she came back, was gone! All day Polly mourned, and in the evening she sat sadly on the with the others. "What is Puss doing?" said Tom, suddenly. The was creeping softly toward some bushes on the lawn. A spring, a pounce,—and he came running, and laid something at Polly's feet, yellow and bright. "My Dick!" cried Polly. "And he isn't hurt one bit! O, the darling Puss!" And what had the Black Cat done? Guess!

Margaret Johnson.

DEAR LITTLE MAMA.

(*The Booboo Stories.*)

THE LITTLE BOOBOO WAS TALKING TO HIMSELF.

AND one day the little Booboo was standing before the long looking-glass in the library talking to himself, and his father looked up from his book and said, "Who are you talking to, little son?"

And Robbie pointed to the looking-glass and said, "I'm talking to that other boy and he is talking to me."

And his father said, "What are you saying to that other boy, and what is he saying to you?"

And Robbie said, "I was telling him, if he was a truly boy like me what fun we'd have together, and he was telling me, what fun we'd have together."

And his father laughed and said, "Oh, oh, what would papa do if there was another little Booboo! what would papa do!"

And Robbie looked at himself in the glass, for a moment he looked at himself, and then he looked at his father.

"I'd rather have you than a little Booboo!" he said, "I'd rather have you!"

And his father took him up in his arms and set him upon his shoulder and danced about the room and sang, "High, ho! high ho! we're very good friends you know, we're very good friends!"

And Robbie looked at the clock and whispered something in his father's ear. And his father laughed and said, "Yes, yes, it is almost time. I hav'n't forgotten our secret."

And mama came into the room and said, "You two, you two what are you plotting and planning to do, and what does this whispering mean?"

And the big Booboo said, "Oh, we have a secret you see, you see. When you know what it is how surprised you will be!"

And the little Booboo said, "Oh, we have a secret you see, you see. When you know what it is how surprised you will be!"

And mama laughed and said, "I have no doubt it will be a surprise. You two are so wonderfully clever and wise!"

And Robbie said, "Dear little mama the surprise is for you, so you see we couldn't tell you the secret too!"

And mama laughed and said, "Oh! oh! a surprise for me! Oh! oh! what can it be!"

And Robbie clapped his hands and said, "Just wait and see! just wait and see!"

And the big Booboo whispered to the little Booboo, and the little Booboo whispered to the big Booboo about the surprise for mama.

What do you suppose the surprise was to be? (You never can guess I know.)

"THE SURPRISE IS COMING," SAID THE LITTLE BOOBOO.

And Robbie looked at the clock and said, "Isn't it time, papa? Isn't it almost time?"

And his father said, "Hush, hush or little mama will guess!"

And mama laughed and said, "Why, what *can* it be, this surprise for me? I really am getting excited!"

Just then way, way away a whistle blew long and loud.

And Robbie looked at his father and smiled. "Here comes the train!" he whispered.

And his father smiled and whispered, "Yes, there comes the train!"

And the little Booboo said, "The surprise is coming, mama. The surprise is coming!"

And his father said, "Hush, hush or little mama will guess!"

And just then the garden gate went click, click, click, click. And Robbie said, "Oh, there comes the great surprise!"

And his father said, "Yes, here comes the great surprise!"

And mama ran to the door and looked out, and you should have seen her happy face.

"Oh, what a glad surprise!" she cried. "Oh, what a *glad* surprise!"

And she ran down the garden walk to meet the glad surprise, with her arms both out she ran down the garden walk to meet her own dear father!

And the little Booboo said, "He's my grandpa, but he's little mama's papa—and *isn't* she glad to see him!"

And dear mama and her dear papa came up the garden walk.

"You two," she called, "you knew, you knew, that grandpa was coming, and kept it a secret from me!"

Gertrude Smith, author of "Arabella and Araminta Stories."

A LITTLE WILD FLOWER.

SAID a little wild flower,
In the grass out of sight,
"I'll do what I can
To make my nook bright!"

Ad H. Gibson.

KAREN AND HER FATHER.

KAREN AND THE INKIMITES.

LITTLE comrade Karen takes
  Pen and ink, and draws, and writes;
Slowly on the white page makes
  Troops of merry Inkimites.
Short, and stout, and tall, and thin,
  March these funny folk in line;
Should a big black blot run in,
  "Glad you came!" says Karen mine.

Magic wand is Karen's pen:
  Makes the blot a kangaroo,
Turns the next into a hen,
  Draws the little chickens, too.
Inkimites—I watch them all,
  People, houses, names of things,
Birds, and beasts, and fairies small,
  Children, too, and fish, and kings!

Ernest Newton Bagg.

DONALD'S GOOD HEN.

CHAPTER V.—Susie and Curly Comb.

THE Ballards were surprised when they heard that Curly Comb had come back. They really supposed that some wild animal had devoured her.

This is how everyone found out where Curly Comb had been.

One day Mrs. Corey went to the village to visit her friend, Mrs. Shaw. Mrs. Shaw had just come from a visit to a Mrs. Temple, whose daughter Susie, only a little older than Donald, was getting well after a long illness. The Temples lived on the road which led around from the village to the farm of Mr. Ballard.

"I have the most extraordinary story to tell you," said Mrs. Shaw to Mrs. Corey. "You know the cackling of geese once saved Rome. Well, a hen has very nearly saved the life of little Susie Temple."

And then Mrs. Shaw went on to tell the story.

"You see last week, when Susie began to get better, she thought she could eat an egg. She didn't want steak, or chops. An egg was the only thing she could think of. There wasn't one in the house. They keep a few hens, but the hens haven't been laying lately.

"The Temples went to their neighbors, but they had no eggs either. Not an egg was to be found at either of the two stores; they would have eggs on Saturday—not many, you know, are brought in at this season, except on Saturday.

"Susie is a sweet little thing, and she said it didn't make any difference; she could live on toast and tea until Saturday. Her mother knew she was very tired of toast and tea, and she felt dreadfully. Yet they didn't see how they possibly could get an egg for her that day—Thursday.

"Now, Mrs. Corey, this is what happened. Mrs. Temple was sitting by Susie's bed, when suddenly there was a great '*cut-cut-ca-dah-cut*' right in the next room—just as if a hen had laid an

egg there. It was the back chamber, which opened right at the back stairs. Susie's bed was against the door so that she could have it open, if it was too warm. So in order to get into the back chamber Mrs. Temple had to go around through some other rooms. By the time she had reached the chamber, there was no hen to be seen—but right on the bare floor was an egg, newly laid! A few minutes later that egg was nicely poached on a slice of toast, for Susie.

"Friday forenoon, Mrs. Temple went around and hid herself in that back chamber, to see if anything more would happen. About ten o'clock a big beautiful white hen came pit-a-pat up the back stairs, and into the back chamber. There she laid an egg, again, on the bare floor. She made a great '*cut-cut-ca-dah-cut*,' as on the day before, and then went down the stairs, and out into the yard with the other hens. Mrs. Temple watched her. She was a strange hen which Mrs. Temple had noticed when she fed the flock, that morning, wondering where she came from.

"The next day Mrs. Temple bought eggs, at the store, and the white hen did not go up into the chamber at all that day, and did not once go afterward. She staid with the Temples several days. Then she disappeared, and they have not seen her since."

Mrs. Corey asked more about the hen, and from the description of her looks there was no doubt in her mind that this wonderful hen was none other than Curly Comb!

But how Curly Comb found her way from the Ballards' house to the Temples', and from there to her own home, we probably never shall learn. Very few hens have been known to travel around in such an intelligent manner; but, as even the most doubtful must be convinced by this time, Curly Comb was no common hen.

Now Donald was not a perfect little boy, though so kind and good. For one thing he had a tendency to wander off, and be gone so long that Dorcas and his mother would feel anxious.

One day this "tendency" got Donald into trouble, and had it

not been for the interference of Curly Comb everyone knows what would have happened.

Long after water-lilies were gone everywhere else, there were some on a little black pond on the top of the pasture hill above the meadow, by the woods. The water was almost icy cold, as the sun was shut off by the trees in the afternoon. The pond was about half as long as a common city block, and about as wide as a common city street. It was not very deep, and the bottom was covered with a mass of lily stems and water weeds.

HE SAT DOWN ON THE BANK WITH CURLY COMB.

A small boat was kept on this pond. It would not hold more than two persons. Several times Mr. Corey, or Levi, or Dorcas had taken Donald out in it, to pick lilies. But Donald had been told he must never get into it when alone.

One warm August afternoon, Jessie, Oscar and Mrs. Burden were all asleep, and Dorcas and Leah had gone up the river for a bath. Mrs. Corey was away, and so were Mr. Corey and Levi. Donald had been marching around near the house with Curly Comb closely clasped in his arms, and at last he wandered off across the meadow, and finally climbed the wall, and went up the slope.

Pretty soon he was sitting among the bushes on the bank of the pond. He thought he would count the lilies which were open. That morning he and Dorcas had counted forty-seven. There wouldn't be so many now, as the sun had gone.

He counted ten, and by travelling around the pond a little way he counted ten more. There was one spot into which he could not see, because of bushes which grew out in the water.

"If I should push out in the boat a little way," thought Donald, "I could see into that place."

He sat down on the bank, and put his chin down into Curly Comb's feathers.

(What he ought to have done, was to turn and run down the hill as fast as he could.)

"It was two weeks ago," thought Donald, "when they said I must not go out in the boat alone. Then I did not know how to row, or anything—but now, Dorcas and all the rest have taught me. The pond is not deep. I might as well go out where I can count *all* the lilies. Besides I can pick those which are open to carry to the house."

Donald arose and went to the boat. He worked at it with his one free hand, and pushed it partly into the water.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Kate Upson Clark.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY!"

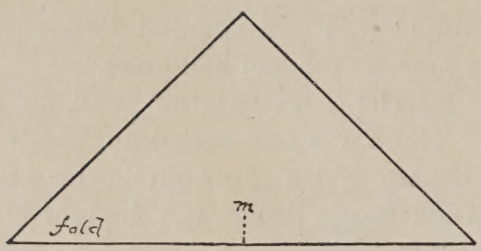


FIG. 1.

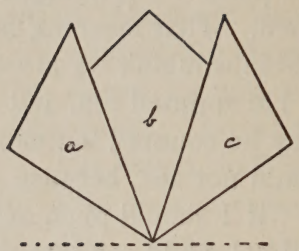


FIG. 2.

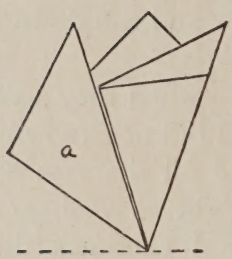


FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

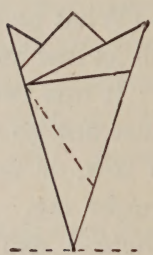


FIG. 5.

THE BETSY ROSS FIVE-POINTED STAR.*

(How to Cut it with One Clip of the Scissors.)

THE FIVE-POINTED STAR.

AT this time when so many boys and girls, and older people as well, are making flags and patriotic emblems, it becomes an important matter to be able to cut out a star correctly. It is difficult to draw the five-pointed star of our flag and get every line and angle true, but it is very easy to cut one that is true—if you only know how—and that is what I propose to tell you.

It is easier to make the directions plain by means of pictures than by means of words, so I shall really show you, rather than tell you, how to do it.

First, take a square of paper, a three-inch square is a good

* See July *Little Folks*, page 282.

size, and fold it on a line running from one corner through the centre to the opposite corner. The square then folded becomes a double triangle, as in *Fig. 1.* Find the middle of the folded edge by bringing the ends together and making a slight crease at the centre, as shown by the dotted line at *m* in *Fig. 1.*

Next, with the folded edge of the double triangle toward you, lift the left corner and fold that end over on the triangle as shown by section *a* in *Fig. 2.* Lift the right corner and fold that end over as shown by section *c* in *Fig. 2.* The sections *a* and *c*, which are folded over, must be the same width as the section *b*, between them.

Now, fold the section *c* over, face down, on section *b*, as in *Fig. 3.*

Then, fold the section *a* back, against the under side of section *b*, as in *Fig. 4.*

The folding is now completed—and all through the folding you should not turn the paper over, but keep the same side up as at the start.

Next, holding the folded paper firmly, so the folds cannot slip, take the scissors and cut it into two parts, cutting along the dotted line shown in *Fig. 5.* You can mark this line with a pencil before cutting.

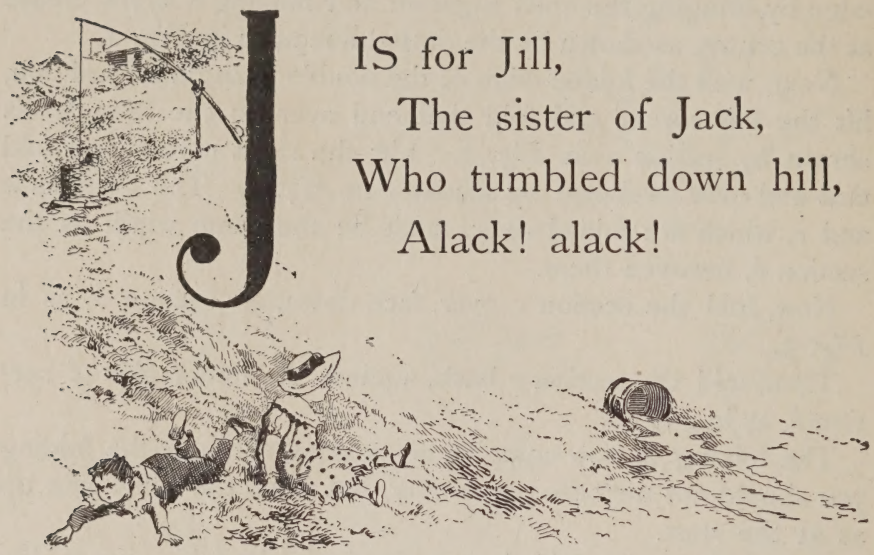
Last of all, unfold the two parts of the folded paper. One, you will find to be the rim of the square you started with, enclosing a star-shaped opening. The other you will find to be a perfect five-pointed star, beautifully marked by five creases separating the five points, and by five other creases running from the centre, through the middle of each of the five points, to its tip.

So, as I said, it is easy to cut a star—but to one looking on it will seem quite like magic when you unfold the paper.

With this paper pattern, it will be easy to cut cloth stars for a flag, or make stars of any kind for any purpose. Paper that is soft, and not too thick, is best for the pattern, as it folds more easily, and is not so apt to slip when you cut through the ten thicknesses.

Julia Darrow Cowles.

THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL



J IS for Jill,
The sister of Jack,
Who tumbled down hill,
Alack! alack!

(Mama's Jill Talk.)

"IS it true—about Jill?" asked Dot. "Was there ever a Jack and Jill?" "Yes," I answered, "I have no doubt there was, somewhere, sometime, a real Jack and Jill, and that they went for a pail of water, and tumbled down hill. I think most of the Mother Goose rhymes started from some real saying or doing or happening. Most of them are very old, too. The Jack and Jill jingle was a favorite in England long, long ago—indeed, I rather think Jack and Jill came over in the *Mayflower*. And we do know, for sure, that there was a Mother Goose, and that when Boston was a village, two hundred years ago, she lived there, and had a little girl named Elizabeth!"

"Oh—really and truly?" cried Dot. "Tell me about it." "Well, when Mother Goose's little girl, Elizabeth Vergoose—Vergoose was the real family name—grew up, she married Mr. John Fleet, a printer, and had a little son of her own. Now Grandmother Vergoose was very fond of Elizabeth's little boy. She was very fond, too, of rhymes; and, being a wonderfully

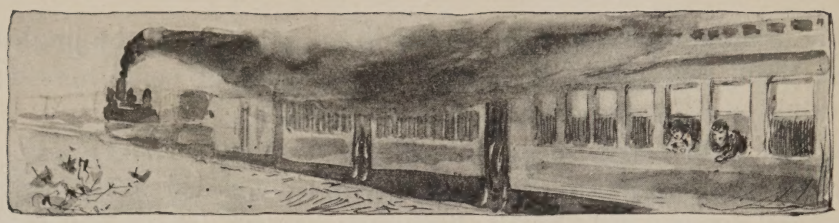
jolly grandmother, she sang to her little grandson all the jingles she could remember. I think, too, she made up some herself; I think perhaps one day, when she was carrying the little Vergoose grandchild about the house, she made up the 'Goosey, goosey, gander' verse—Elizabeth's little boy being that very 'goosey,' and not any bird at all."

MR. FLEET'S SIGN.

"Oh!" said Dot—"and what next?"

"Well, Grandmother Vergoose sang her rhymes over and over, and sang them so loud that the neighbors all heard, and laughed about it, and Mr. Fleet was vexed—until one day he had a happy thought, and wrote down the rhymes, and printed a book of them, 'Songs for the Nursery.' But, perhaps as a joke on Grandmother Vergoose, he also printed on the title-page, 'Mother Goose's Melodies for Children,' with a picture of a long-necked, open-billed goose. That was the first 'Mother Goose' book—and it sold for 'two coppers.'"

"GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER."



THE FIRST WAS DROPPED IN THEIR OWN CALIFORNIA.

MAURICE'S FIRST TEETH.

THOUGH this true story is about Maurice's first teeth, Maurice was not a baby. No indeed—not a bit of it; for the story is also about Maurice's geography lesson.

Maurice was, and is, a lively lad, active and healthy, not very big for his age, and not yet in long trousers. He has travelled a great many thousand miles. That happened this way:

Maurice's mother lived in a city on the Atlantic coast of the United States until she was married, when she went to live in California, on the Pacific coast of the United States. When her little son Maurice grew to be six years old, his mother decided she would spend two months of the summer time in the East with her own family.

She rented a cottage at the seashore of New Jersey and now she comes across the United States in June, with her little son Maurice and her little daughter Patty. They spend July and August at the seashore.

Maurice and Patty play with their cousins, build sand forts and think they are learning how to swim. Every year they find their cousins and friends are getting bigger, and every year their aunt says that Maurice is "a head taller," and wonders when fat little Patty will begin to grow up instead of sideways! The children all like New Jersey.

One day in August, when the sun was very hot, the little people were told to keep on the broad piazza under the awning, for fear of getting a headache. They had played about in the sand in the morning, and had been in bathing. Now they were to stay

in the shade, until after three o'clock, when the heat would not be so great. Their aunt then brought out a plate of rusks with tops nicely varnished with sugar, and a glass pitcher of lemonade and several drinking glasses. After the children were helped to lemonade, she said she would read "Uncle Remus" to them.

But it was not easy to begin the reading. Maurice was jumping up and down with a stick making a great deal of noise. Patty was trying to remember the names of the States and territories she had crossed coming in the railway cars all the way from California to the East.

"I *can't* remember, I *can't!*" sighed poor Patty, who was not very quick in moving her body or her mind. Maurice's mouth was full of rusk, but boys sometimes forget that they ought not to speak when they are eating. He began to reply to Patty:

"California, Arizona, New Mexico"—he stopped short. He bit on something hard, and he had a queer feeling in his mouth.

His aunt thought he was choking. "Put the rusk out of your mouth," she cried.

Maurice put his hand to his mouth, and took out a pretty white tooth! His mother had taken good care of his teeth; he had not been allowed to eat candy, and his teeth had been carefully brushed morning and evening. So they had not come out so soon as some little children's first teeth do.

Maurice was surprised, but his mother told him another tooth was loose, and that she thought a third would come out before he went home to the orange groves at Los Angeles.

"One for each State," began Maurice. "Patty, this tooth is for California, and the next one will be for Arizona."

His aunt laughed, and then said she thought perhaps he could remember the names of the States, by saving his pretty white teeth. She put the one that came out in a little silver button-box that was in her work basket, and gave it to Maurice.

It happened exactly as his mother had told him. Two more of the dainty teeth came out, and Maurice put them in the silver box. During that winter when the children were home in California, Patty lost some of her pretty teeth too, and they also

went into the tiny button box. Altogether Maurice lost five and Patty lost three. That made eight in the silver box.

What do you suppose those children did? They kept their little teeth in the silver box, and when they got on the cars to come East, the next summer, they threw a tooth out of the window, in eight States!

Their father said they were "queer children," but still he told them when they were coming to a different State. The first tooth (the biggest) was dropped out of the car window in their own California; the second in Arizona; the third in New Mexico; the fourth in Colorado; the fifth in Kansas; the sixth in Missouri; the seventh in Illinois; and the eighth and last in Indiana.

And Maurice and Patty were very sorry that there were not enough teeth in the box to last until they came to New Jersey. Do *you* know how many more would have been needed?

When they were once more in the cottage at the sea-shore, Maurice told his auut how he and Patty had learned a geography lesson on the way. Both children were able to tell her the names of the States and territories. She could not help laughing, but she said she was pleased at this funny lesson in geography.

Jean Fraley Hallowell.

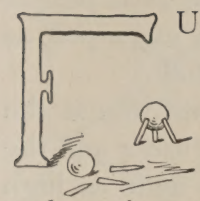
THE JINGLE MAN.

THE Jingle Man, the Jingle Man,
He gives us lots of fun!
The Jingle Man, the Jingle Man,
His jokes are never done;
He's busy, busy, day and night
A-grinding out his rhymes;
He gives the children, one and all,
A hundred pleasant times!

S. Falmouth.

STICK-AND-PEA FURNITURE.

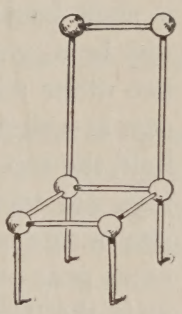
(In Two Parts.— Part I.)



FURNITURE is the next thing to think about, after you have built a house. Stick-and-pea furniture is easy to make, and pretty to look at after it is made and set in place.

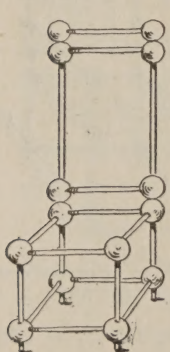
With one pea, and three short sticks, you can make a tiny stool—as in the initial picture. That, surely, is easy enough for the very littlest pea-player of all.

Then you can have your choice of chairs, plain chairs for chamber and kitchen, heavy dining chairs, high-backed parlor chairs, arm-chairs, rocking-chairs—any one, or all of them. If you have a doll-house, you will want to make all kinds, a set for each room.



THE PLAINEST CHAIR.

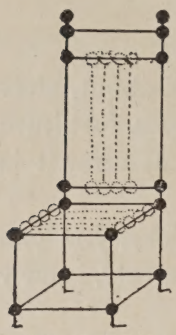
The very plainest chair is made of two long sticks, seven short sticks, and six peas. The two long sticks form the sides of the back, and also the back legs. Put a pea on the end of each—the end which is to be the top. Slip a pea up from the bottom end of each as high as you wish the seat. Connect the two peas at the top of the back, and also the two at the seat, with sticks as long as you wish the width of the chair. Next, build out the seat, with three short sticks and two peas. Last of all, set the front legs into the under side of the peas at the front of the seat, and you will have a simple chair, as in the picture—a chair proper to place in your doll-house chamber, or kitchen.



DINING CHAIR.

The dining chair should be heavier, of course. So, when you make the back, put two extra peas on each side, one near the top, one just above the seat. Connect these extra peas by two cross-sticks. Also slip a pea a little way up on each leg, and connect these four

peas by four short sticks. This will give you a fine heavy chair for the dining-room, as in the picture.

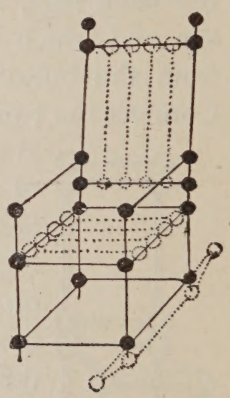


PLAN OF PARLOR CHAIR.

The parlor chairs may be made in the same way as the dining chairs, only, to make them handsomer, you should let the side-sticks of the back project just enough at the top to hold an extra pea, as shown in the "plan" of the parlor chair.

The arm-chair is made in the same way as the parlor chair, only the back should be wider and the seat larger. The back need not be quite as high —you can omit the upper cross-stick. To make the back of the arm-chair easy to the backs of the little gentlemen dolls who may sit in it, you can let it slant backward. If the side-sticks will not bend easily, and stay bent, you can use two short sticks for the back legs, and two other sticks for the back, setting them into the peas of the seat at a slight angle. Put an extra pea on each back stick to hold the top arm-stick. In making the arm-chair, let the front legs project above the seat as high as you wish the arms; put a pea on the top of each; and then connect these peas with the extra peas on the side-sticks of the back, thus forming the arms, as in the "plan" of the arm-chair.

The rocking-chair may be made just like the arm-chair, and the rockers then added. The single rocker shown by the dotted sticks and peas, on one side of the "plan" of the arm-chair, will tell you how to make the pair of rockers of real sticks and peas. Should the little lady dolls like a higher back, to rest their heads against when tired, you can make a back like the high back of the parlor chair.

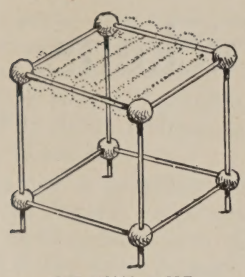


PLANS OF ARM-CHAIR AND ROCKING-CHAIR.

You can make the seats of all the chairs "solid," for the little doll people to sit on, and the backs "solid" for the little doll people to lean against, in the way shown by the dotted sticks and peas in the "plan" of the parlor chair and in the "plan" of the arm-chair.

Even a doll-house should have several kinds, and several

sizes, of tables. You had best begin with a small simple table for a chamber. Take four sticks for the legs, put a pea on the top, and one a little up from the bottom, of each. Connect the four top peas by four sticks, and the four lower peas by four other sticks. Last, make the top "solid," as shown by the dotted sticks and peas in the picture of the small table.

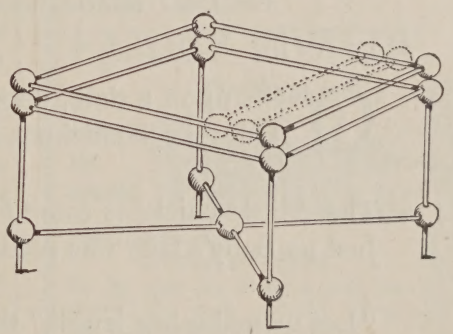


THE SMALL TABLE.

For the sitting-room table, made in the same way, you can slip the lower peas a little higher, and make a "solid" shelf, like the "solid" top. This will be very convenient, for holding daily papers and magazines, such as "The Doll-World News," and "The Make-Believe Magazine," and "The Rock-a-by Review."

By using quite short sticks to connect the legs, you can make a very small table, or "stand."

When you build the dining and library tables, put two peas, instead of one, at the top of each leg, and connect the pairs of peas by pairs of sticks. Instead, also, of connecting the lower peas by four sticks around the outside, join them in pairs by two longer sticks, crossing each other, and passing through a pea, at the centre underneath, as in the picture. This gives room for the feet when sitting at the table. The top should be made "solid," as shown by the dotted sticks and peas at one side in the picture.



DINING OR LIBRARY TABLE.

A narrow hall table, to stand against the wall, may be made like the dining or library table, only instead of being square, or nearly so, it should be only half as wide as it is long.

C. S. P.

The Three Good Chickens.

THEY CAME FINELY MARCHING BY.

ONCE upon a time, upon a summer day,
Three little chickens went gaily out to play.

These little chickens came finely marching by,
Just as Baby's face was ready for a cry.

"Let us make her laugh," the chickens said, "let's try!
Surely it is sad to see a Baby cry!"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! O Baby, laugh, tra-la!
Cock-a-doodle-doo! O Baby, laugh, tra-la!"

Baby stopped the cry, she laughed, tra-la, tra-la!
Then she laughed again, she laughed, ha-ha, ha-ha!

Mrs. C. L. Diven.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

"It seems very queer, mama," says Miss Five-year-old, "for a little girl and a War to have the same name."

"How is that?" asked mama.

"Why Sibyl Holmes and Sibyl (Civil) War, mama." *C. H. C.*

One day a neighbor whose name little Ruth had heard, but whom she had never seen before, came into the yard. When asked if she knew him, she answered:

"I know him with my mouth, but I don't know him with my eyes."

One evening she was sleepy and tired, and was crying. All at once she stopped crying and said, "What do I want?"

E. C.

On returning from Sabbath School, Ethel's grandma asked her if she could repeat the Golden Text. She thought a while, then lisped,

"Athk and you'll get it." *N. S.*

I have opportunity to hear many odd sayings from the children as I come in daily contact with them in kindergarten.

One little boy told me that last summer he went out in the field and picked "butterflies" (meaning buttercups).

In a talk on wool, I asked what the spinning wheel does to the wool. "Spins it," was the answer. "And what does the loom do?" "Looms it," replied a little fellow. *R. S.*

Father and mother were discussing family necessities, and trying to adapt means to ways, and "little son" was listening, and now and then offering suggestions.

"Well," said he at last, "we need n't worry, father; God will take care of us." And then smiling a little, he added, "But it does seem as if God gave us only just enough to keep us on our legs, doesn't it?"

And then the council broke up. *M. C.*

The other day while my little girl was playing too roughly with the cat, her grandfather told her if she continued, he would cut the cat's tail off! She became alarmed at once. "O! no," she said, "for she would have nothing to get mad with!"

P. B.

(*Continued on page ii.*)

You Can Get Nothing Better Than the Best.

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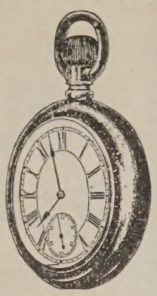
BOYS and GIRLS



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CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

(Continued from page I.)

A maid of little more than two summers took a notion one night that she would not go to bed when the rest were ready to retire; neither would she drink the cup of milk always taken the last thing at night. So very decided was she that her parents concluded to let her suit herself. They retired to their room, leaving a lamp dimly burning in the room where she was. The father remained up, listening to hear from this funny little girl. But all was silent for so long a time that he was on the point of returning to exercise the compulsory method. Just then he heard her drinking her milk, and then pattering up the stairs. As she approached him she said, "Papa, you need not think you are going to have it to tell that I sat up all night."

B. L. P.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

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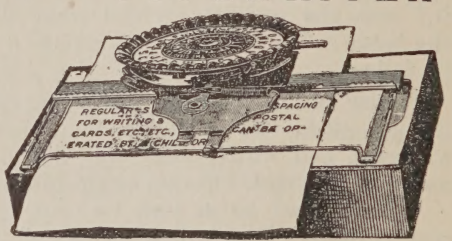

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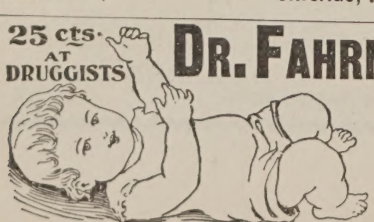

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The following are the answers to the puzzles published in LITTLE FOLKS:—

One-word puzzle: *sent-cent-scent.*

Easy Flower Enigma: *mama.*

Pastime Charade: *see-saw.*

Same-Sound Word-Puzzle: (1) *missed, mist;* (2) *sighed, side;* (3) *raise, raze;* (4) *oh, owe;* (5) *thrown, throne;* (6) *threw, through;* (7) *would, wood.*

Alphabet Rhyme:

Should you see bees
On your sweet peas,
I give to you a cue:
If you be wise,
You close your eyes,
Nor let a bee see you.
I can see bees seize peas at ease,
And so, I see, can you.

A bee excels all as a tease,
But a bee has excuse;
If there are any little bees,
He owes food for their use.
So pleasure you can seize,
By sharing peas with bees.

HANNIBAL, MO.

Dear Little Folks:—I am glad when you come. Then I want to hear every story. I like to read the "Black Cat" stories with mama or papa, and I like the "Booboo Stories," and nearly every one besides.

Helen M. Gardner.

WARSAW, VA.

Dear Little Folks:—I went to school last session. I had a good teacher. My school closed last month, the seventeenth. We had a commencement. It was very good, and we had a fine time.

I am thirteen years old. I am the oldest child, and my papa calls me "Fox," because I have a red curly head. I have two geese, a gander, and fifteen goslings; they are a pretty sight—I wish you could see them. I like to raise geese. I have been taking you for some time and like you very much.

Sophie U. Northup.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am glad you are going to tell us the answers to the puzzles. I like puzzles and conundrums. Here is one I made myself:

"Why do travellers like to sleep in the woods?" The answer is, "Because it is for rest (forest)."

I am eight years old and have two sisters younger. We are always glad when we see the letter-carrier bring *Little Folks* to the door. I send you the answers I have made to the puzzles.

E. S. Kingman.

FLORENCE, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I like to have you come very much. I received you for a Christmas present. I have two sisters, Dorothy and Esther, and three brothers, Arthur, Henry and Clinton. I am the oldest and I am nine years old. As I have seen no letters from Florence, thought I would write one. I am in the third grade and expect to pass into the fourth grade in September. The other day two of my little brothers went to the candy store and asked if they sold guns! They said they were going to shoot Spaniards. I must close now, wishing you a long and prosperous life.

Marion L. Driscoll.

EAST CHARLOTTE, VERMONT.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy six years old. I have taken you since January. I live on a big farm and have lots of pets. I have a dog which I have had ever since I was three years old; his name is Rover. He has caught about twenty woodchucks this spring. He plays with me lots, and draws my cart sometimes. I have five doves, three cats and two little kittens. The cats' names are Tinker, Tootsy and Danny; the kittens' names are Frisky and Dewey. Danny is my especial pet kitty. I think he knows as much as any dog does, for when I talk to him he will mew, and if any one opens the door for him to go out he will turn around after he gets out and mew—I think he means "thank you," don't you? Besides, I have a squirrel which my papa caught for me two years ago; he has a big cage and I feed him nuts and gingersnaps and almost everything. I have a cow which I call Daisy, and last summer she used to get out of the pasture and get into the meadow where papa's corn was. Don't you think that she is a rogue? I have a horse; her name is Kitt—she is not really mine, but I call her mine because she is so gentle that I can lead her out to drink and up to pasture. I can ride on her back too.

I help my papa, even if I am a little boy. I help bring in wood, feed the hens and chickens, and do lots of other things. I forgot to tell you about my pet lamb; my papa keeps sheep, and one morning when he went out to the barn he found a little spotted lamb, and not any sheep that would own it. So he brought it down to me. I called it Bessie. We have eight little yellow ducks and lots of chickens and over thirty turkeys.

My big sister is writing this for me. I like you, *Little Folks*, very much, and am glad you are coming all this year to me. Well, good bye, *Little Folks*, I think you grow better every number.

P. S. I hope you will print my letter, becaus I like to read the other letters and woul like to see mine in print. I wish some litt boy or girl would write to me and tell me abo their pets.

Milton Clark.

To the Friends of....

Little Folks.

It is a fact that the Subscription List of this magazine is much larger than that of any publication issued for small children. It is also a fact that it costs a great deal more to publish **Little Folks**, which is one reason why it is the best magazine for children ever issued. Good pictures, good stories, good paper and printing are expensive. Some children's magazines use a great many old pictures and stories, and others use pictures and stories that are copied from cheap European publications; but **Little Folks** contains nothing but new pictures and reading matter, and the very best obtainable.

The friends of **Little Folks** understand this, but the Publisher wishes to have it explained to others who are not acquainted with the magazine, and thus induce them to subscribe and so help to make the magazine better. The more subscribers the better the magazine. Your friends, little and big, will thank you for telling them about **Little Folks.**

The Fall of the year is the time when people begin to think more about reading, and is the best time in which to get subscriptions. The Publisher is always ready to send a sample copy, subscription blanks and addressed envelopes to all who are willing to assist in establishing **Little Folks.** The Publisher has made a very handsome little booklet, entitled *A Year of Pleasure for the Little Folks*, which he will send to all who ask for it. It will tell you about the magazine and will be of great assistance to you in obtaining subscriptions. It gives you an idea of the nice things the Editors have been planning for next year. It explains how to canvass, how to receive **Little Folks** free, gives Club rates, and tells all about some very desirable Premiums. There are Watches, Steam Toys, Electrical Toys, Air Guns, Baby Sewing Machines, Rings, etc., and everything in the Premium List is honest and good, guaranteed, in fact.

It would be a good plan for you to send the names of families with children in other towns who would be glad to have this booklet. It is free to all who are interested.

The Publisher is often asked if special offers made to subscribers in previous numbers are still open. Yes, every offer will remain open for the present. The offer of eight small etchings, and that of the beautiful large etching, "The Old Homestead," has been very popular and has given great satisfaction. The offer of *a free yearly subscription to all who send two new subscribers* is also a very popular one. A subscription may be renewed for the coming year in the same way.

Little Folks wishes the good-will and help of all its friends, little and big. A new subscription, sent at once, means at once another friend and worker. It also means a year of pleasure to the subscriber.

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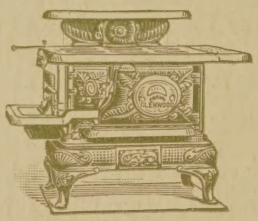

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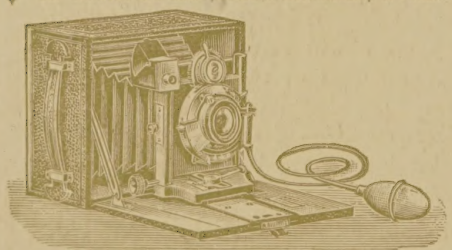

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